original, and whose Corsics was a flat New England seaport; but it afterward became plain that he owed his brief happiness—it was very brief—to her father's opposition; her father's and her mother's, and even her uncles' and her aunts'. In those days in New York the fferent members of a family took an interes in its alliances, and the house of Gressie looked askance at an engagement between the most beautiful of its daughters and a young man who was not in a paying business. Georgina declared that they were meddlesome and vul-per—she could sacrifice her own people, in that way, without a scruple—and Benyon's position improved from the moment that Mr. Gressie ill-advised Mr. Gressie-ordered the girl to have nothing to do with him. Georgins was imperial in this-that she wouldn't put up with an order. When, in the house in Twelfth street, it began to be talked about that she had better be sent to Europe with some eligi-ble friend. Mrs. Portico, for instance, who was always planning to go, and who wanted as a companion some young mind, fresh from manuals and extracts, to serve as a fountain of history and geography when this scheme for getting Georgina out of the way began to be aired, she immediately said to Raymond Benyon: "Oh. yes, I'll marry you!" She said it in such an off-hand way that deeply as he desired her, he was almost tempted to answer, "But my dear, have you really

thought about it?" This little drams went on, in New York, is the ancient days, when Twelfth street had but lately ceased to be suburban, when the squares had wooden palings, which were not often painted; when there were poplars in important thoroughfares and pigs in the laters ways; when the theatres were miles distan from Madison square and the battered rotund of Castle Garden echoed with expensive woo music; when "the Park" meant the grass plats of the City Hall, and the Bloomingdale toad was an eligible drive; when Hoboken, of the handsomest house in town was on the sorner of the Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street. This will strike the modern reader, I fear, as rather a primitive epoch; but I am not sure that the strength of human passions is in proportion to the elongation of a city. Several of them, at any rate—the mor robust and most familiar—love, amb ion, jealousy, resentment, greed-subsiste in considerable force in the little circle at which we have glanced, where a view by no mean favorable was taken of Haymond Benyon's atten tions to Miss Gressie. Unanimity was a family trait among these people (Georgina was an ex caption), especially in regard to the importan soncerns of life, such as marriages and closing were accustomed to do well for themselves an or each other. They did everything well; got emselves born well (they thought it excellen died well and managed to be well spoken o afterward. In deference to this last-mentione habit. I must be careful what I say of them They took an interest in each other's con an interest that could never be regarded as o a meddlesome nature, inasmuch as they al thought altke about all their affairs, and inter ference took the happy form of congratulation and encouragement. These affairs were in variably lucky, and, as a general thing, no Gressie had anything to do but feel that another Gressie had been almost as shrewd and decided as he himself would have been. The great exception to that, as I have said, was this case of Georgina, who struck such a false note, a note that startled them all, when she her father that she should like to unite herself to a young man engage had ever heard of. Her two sisters had marnot to be thought of that-with twenty cousing the standard of success. Her mother had told quest Mr. Benyon to cease coming to the house lie and resolute character—he had been con veyed up town, from the Brooklyn ferry, in the stage," on certain evenings, had saked for Twelfth street and had sat with her in the front parior if her parents happened to occupy the back, or in the back if the family had dis posed itself in the front. Georgina, in he way, was a dutiful girl, and she immediately repeated her mether's admonition to Benyon He was not surprised, for though he was awar that he had not, as yet, a great knowledge of society he flattered himself he could tell when -and where-a young man was not wanted There were houses in Brooklyn where such as animal was much appreciated, and there the igns were quite different. They had been discouraging—except on Georgina's part—from the Mrs. Gressie used to look at each other in sisence when he came in, and indulge in strange, perpendicular salutations, without any shaking of hands. People did that at Portsmouth, N. H., when they were glad to see you; but in New York there was more luxuri ance, and gesture had a different value. He 'take anything," though the house had a delightful suggestion, a positive aroma, of side boards-as if there were mahogany "cellar ettes" under every table. The old people moreover, had repentedly expressed surpris at the quantity of leisure that officers in th navy seemed to enjoy. The only way in which they had not made themselves offensive was by always remaining in the other room though at times even this detachment, to which he owed some delightful moments, presented itself to Benyon as a form of disapprobation Of course, after Mrs. Gressie's message, his visits were practically at an end; he wouldn't give the girl up, but he wouldn't be beholde: to her father for the opportunity to converse with her. Nothing was left for the couple—there was a curious mutual mistrust in their tenderness-but to meet in squares, or in the topmost streets, or in the

idemost avenues, on the spring after

noons. It was especially during this phase

Benyon as imperial. Her whole person

seemed to exhale a tranquil, happy con

sciousness of having broken a law. She never old him how she arranged the matter at home

how she found it possible always to keep the appointments (to meet him out of the he

that she so boldly made, in what degree she dissimulated to her parents, and how much, in

regard to their continued acquaintance, the old people suspected and accepted. If Mr. and

Mrs. Gressie had forbidden him the house, f

was not, apparently, because they wished her

to walk with him in the Tenth avenue or to sit

at his side under the blossoming lines in

Stuyvesant square. He didn't believe that she

told lies in Twelfth street; he thought she was

too imperial to lie; and he wondered what she

said to her mother when, at the end of nearly a

ber lover, this rustling, bristling matron asked

her where she had been. Georgina was capable

of simply tolling the truth; and yet if she

had not been simply packed off to Europe

Benyon's ignorance of her pretexts is a proof that this rather oddly-mated couple never ar-

rived at perfect intimacy—in spite of a fa

which remains to be related. He thought of

this afterward, and thought how strange it was

that he had not felt more at liberty to ask her

what she did for him, and how she did it, and

how much she suffered for him. She

lered at all, and she had no wish to pose for a

martyr. Benyon remembered this, as I say, in

the after years, when he tried to explain to

himself certain things which simply puzzled

him: it came back to him with the vision, al-

ready faded, of shabby cross streets, straggling

toward rivers, with red sunsets, seen through

hase of dust at the end; a vista through

told the truth, it was a wonder that she

whole afternoon of vague peregrination

their relations that Georgina struck

lady should take his arm. They were nicery approaching that inferior thoroughfare; but he could scarcely have told you, in those days, what else they were approaching. He had nothing in the world but his pay, and he felt that this was rather a "mean" income to offer Miss Greesia. Therefore he didn't put it for-ward; what he offered, instead, was the expression—crude often, and almost boyishly exrevergent-of a delighted admiration of her eauty, the tenderest tones of his voice, the oftest assurances of his eye, and the most insinuating pressure of her hand at those moments when she concented to place it in his arm. All this was an eloquence which, if necessary, might have been condensed into a single sentence; but those few words were searcely needful, when it was as plain that he expected—in general—she would marry him, as it was indefinite that he counted upon her for living on a few hundred a year. If she her for living on a few hundred a year. If she had been a different girl he might have seked her to wait—might have talked to her of the coming of better days, of his prospective pro-motion, of its being wiser; perhaps, that he should leave the navy and look about for a more turnstive carser. With Georgina it was difficult to go into such questions; she had no taste whatever for detail. She was delightful as a woman to love, because when a young man is in love he discovers that: but she could not be called helpful, for she never suggested any-thing. That is, she never had done so till the day she really proposed—for that was the form it took—to become his wife without more delay. "Oh. yes, I will marry you;" these words, which I quoted a little way back, were not so such the answer to something he had said at the moment, as the light conclusion of a report she had just made, for the first time, of her actual situation in her father's house.

"I am afraid I shall have to see less of you," she had begun by saying. "They watch me so "It is very little already," he answered

"That's easy for you to say. You are your own master, but you don't know what I go 'Do they make it very bad for you, dearest

What is once or twice a week ?"

Do they make scenes?" Benyon asked. "No. of course not. Don't you know to mough to know how we behave? No scenes that would be a relief. How yer, I never make them myself and I never will-that's one com ort for you for the future, if you want to know Pather and mother keep very quiet, looking at me as if I were one of the lost, with little, hard. plercing eyes, like gimiets. To me they searce-ly say anything, but they talk it all over with each other, and try and decide what is to be done. It's my belief that father has written to the people in Washington—what do you call it?
—the Department—to have you moved away from Brooklyn—to have you sent to sea."
"I guess that won't do much good. They want me in Brooklyn, they don't want me at

Well, they are capable of going to Europe for a year, on purpose to take me," Georgins

"How can they take you, if you won't go And if you should go, what good would it do, it you were only to find me here when you came ack, just the same as you left me?"

"Oh, well!" said Georgina, with her lovel: "of course they think that abo would cure me of-cure me of-" and she paused, with a certain natural modesty, not saying exactly of what. "Cure you of what, darling? Say it, pleas

say it," the young man murmured, drawing her hand surreptitiously into his arm. Of my abourd infatuation!"

'And would it, dearest ?"

Yes, very likely. But I don't mean to try. I shan't go to Europe—not when I don't want to, But it's better I should see less of you—even that I should appear—a little—to give you up. Georgina said nothing, for a moment. "Well hat, for instance, you shouldn't hold my hand quite so tight!" and she disengaged this con What good will that do?" Benyon asked.

"It will make thom think it's all over-the re have agreed to part." 'And as we have done nothing of the kind

how will that belp us ?" They had stopped at the crossing of a street a heavy dray was lumbering slowly past them Georgina, as she stood there, turned her face to her lover, and rested her eyes for some mo-ments on his own. At last: "Nothing will help us: I don't think we are very happy. she answered, while her strange, ironical, inconequent smile played about her beautiful line "I don't understand how you see things. I thought you were going to say you would marry me!" Benyon rejoined, standing there still,

though the dray had passed.
"Oh, yes, I'll marry you!" And she moved had said it, and it was very characteristic of her. When he saw that she really meant it, he wished they were somewhere else-he hardly knew where the proper place would be-so that he might take her in his arms. Nevertheless efore they separated that day he had said to her he honed she remembered they would be very poor, reminding her how great a change she would find it. She answered that she houldn't mind, and presently she said that if this was all that prevented them the sooner hey were married the better. The next time se saw her she was quite of the same opinion out he found, to his surprise, it was now her conviction that she had better not leave ber father's house. The ceremony should take place secretly, of course; but they would wait while to let their union be known.

What good will it do us, then?" Baymond Benyon asked. Georgina colored. "Well, if you don't Then it seemed to him that he did know. Yet, at the same time, he could not see why, once the knot was tied, secreey should be rejuired. When he asked what special even hey were to wait for, and what should give them the signal to appear as man and wife, she answered that her parents would probably forgive her, if they were to discover, not too abruptly, after six months, that she had taken the great step. Benyon supposed that she had ceased to care whether they forgave her or not; but he had already perceived that women are full of inconsistencies. He had believed her capable of marrying him out of bravado, but the pleasure of defiance was absent if the marriage was kept to themselves. Now, too, it ap-peared that she was not especially anxious to

waiting game "Leave it to me-leave it to me. You are only a blundering man," Georgina said. "I shall know much better than you the right mo ment for saying: 'Well, you may as well make the best of it, because we have already

dely—she was disposed rather to manage, to cultivate opportunities and reap the fruits of a

That might very well be, but Benyon didn't juite understand, and he was awkwardly anxious (for a lover) till it came over him fresh that there was one thing at any rate in his favor, which was simply that the lovelless girl he had ever seen was ready to throw herself into his arms. When he said to her, "There is one thing I hate in this plan of yours—that, for ever so few weeks, so few days, your father should support my wife." When he made this homely remark, with a little flush of sincerity in his face, she gave him a specimen of that unanswerable laugh of hers, and declared that it would serve Mr. Gressie right for being so barbarous and so horrid. It was Benyon's view that from the moment she disobered her father, she ought to cease to avail herself of his protection; but I am bound to add that he was not particularly surprised at finding this a kind of honor in which her feminine nature was little versed. To make her his wife first—at the earliest moment—whenever she would, and trust to for tune, and the new influence he should have, to which the figures of a young man and a girl slowly recoded and disappeared—strolling side by side, with the relaxed pace of desultory talk but more closely linked as they passed into the distance, linked by its at last appearing safe to them—in the Tenth avenue—that the young

that used the different and the duals was thick by the time he brought her back to her bather door. It was not his habit to come so hear M, but to-day they had so much to talk about that he actually stood with her for ten minutes at the foot of the steps. He was keep-ing her hand in his, and she let it rest there while she said—by way of a remark that should sum up all their reasons and reconcile their

"There's one great thing it will do, you "Safe from what?"

"From marrying any one else," "From marrying any one else,"

"Ah, my giri, if you were to do that—!"
Benyon exclaimed; but he didn't mention the other branch of the contingency. Instead of this, he looked up at the blind face of the house—there were only dim lights in two or three windows, and no apparent eyes—and up and down the empty street, vague in the friendly twilight; after which he drew Georgina Gressels to his breast and gave here a long, pas-Greece to his breest and gave her a long, pas-aionate kins. Yes, decidedly, he felt, they had better be married. She had run quickly up the steps, and while she stood there, with her hand steps, and while she stood there, with her hand on the ball, she almost hissed at him, under her breath, "Go away, go away: Amanda's coming!" Amanda was the parlor maid, and it was in those terms that the Twelfth Street Juliet dismissed her Brooklyn Bomeo. As he wandered beak into the Fifth avenue, where the evening air was conscious of a vernal fragrance from the abrube in the little precinct of the pretty Gothie church ornamenttoo absorbed in the impression of the delight-ful contact from which the girl had violently released herself to reflect that the great reason she had mentioned a moment before was a the least a reason for their not making it public. But, as I said in the opening lines of this chapter, if he did not understand his mistress's motives at the end, he cannot be ex-

## CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Portico, as we know, was always talking about going to Europe; but she had not yet-I mean a year after the incident I have just reated-put her hand upon a youthful Petticoats, of course, were required; it was necessary that her companion should be of the sex which sinks most naturally upon benches. in galleries and cathedrals, and pauses most frequently upon staircases that ascend to celebrated views. She was a widow, with a good fortune and several sons, all of whom were in Wall street, and none of them capable of the relaxed pace at which she expected to take her foreign tour. They were all in a state of tension; they went through life standing. She was a short broad, high-colored woman, with s loud voice, and superabundant black hair, arranged in a way popullar to herself-with so many combs and bands that it had the appearance of a national colffure. There was an impression in New York, about 1845, that the atvie was Danish : some one had said something about having seen it in Schleswig-Holstein. Mrs. Portico had a bold, humorous, slightly fiamboyant look: people who saw her for th first time received an impression that her late husband had married the daughter of a barkeeper or the proprietress of a menagerie. Her high, hoarse, good-natured voice seemed o connect her in some way with public life; it was not pretty enough to suggest that she quickly passed away, however, even if you were not sufficiently initiated to know-as all the Gressies, for instance, knew so well—that her origin, so far from being enveloped in mystery, was almost the sort of thing she might have boasted of. But in spite of the high pitch of her appearance, she didn't boast of anything; she was a genial, easy, comical, irreverent person, with a large charity, a democratic, fraternizing turn of mind, and contempt for many worldly standards, which she expressed not in the least in general axioms (for she had a mortal horror of philosophy), but in violent ejaculations on particular occasions. She had not a grain of moral timidity, and she fronted a delicate social roblem as sturdily as she would have barred the way of a gentleman she might have met in her vestibule with the plate chest. The only thing which prevented her being a bore in discussion. She never lost her temper, but she ost her vocabulary, and ended quickly by praying that heaven would give her an opportunity friend of Mr. and Mrs. Gressie, who esteemed her for the antiquity of her lineage and the frequency of her subscriptions, and to whom she rendered the service of making them feel libto be frightened. She was their indulgence their dissipation, their point of contact with dangerous hereaies; so long as they continued to see her they could not be accused of narrow-minded-a matter as to which they were perhaps vaguely conscious of the necessity of taking their precautions. Mrs. Portice sies; she had no disposition for morbid analysis, she accepted transmitted associations, and she found, somehow, that her acquaintance with these people helped her to relieve herself She was always making scenes in their drawing-room, seenes half indignant, half jocose, like all her manifestations, to which it must be confessed that they adapted themselves beautifully. They never "met" her in the language of controversy; but always collected to watch her. with smiles and comfortable platitudes, as if they envied her superior richness of temperament She took an interest in Georgina, who seemed to her different from the others, with suggestions about her of being likely not to marry so unrefreshingly as her sisters had done, and of a high, bold standard of duty. Her sisters had married from duty, but Mrs. Portico would rather have chopped off one of her large, plump hands than behave herself as well as that. She had, in her daughterless condition a certain ideal of a girl that should be beautiful and romantic, with lustrous eyes, and a little persecuted, so that she, Mrs. Portico, might get her out of her troubles. She looked to Georgina, to a considerable degree, to grat-ify her in this way; but she had really never understood Georgina at all. She ought to have been shrewd, but she lacked this refinement, and she never understood anything until after many disappointments and vexations startled by a communication that this young man in New York.

lady made her one fine spring morning. With her florid appearance and her speculative mind, she was probably the most innocent we-Georgina came very early—earlier even than visits were paid in New York thirty years ago; and instantly, without any preface, looking ber straight in the face, told Mrs. Portico that she was in great trouble, and must appeal to her for assistance. Georgina had in her aspect no symptom of distress; she was as fresh and beautiful as the April day itself; she held up her head and smiled, with a sort of familiar bravado, looking like a young woman who would naturally be on good terms with fortune. It was not in the least in the tone of a person making a confession or relating a misadventure that she presently said: "Well, you must now, to begin with-of course, it will surprise

rou-that I'm married." Married, Georgina Gressie!" Mrs. Portico repeated in her most resonant tones. Georgina got up, walked with her majestic step across the room, and closed the door. Then she stood there, her back pressed against the mahogany panels, indicating only by the distance she had placed between herself and her hostess the consciousness of an irregular position. "I'm not Georgina Gressie—I'm Georgina Benyon—and it has become plain within a short time, that the natural conse

quence will take place." Mrs. Portico was altogether bewildered. The natural consequence?" she exciaimed.

pose you know what that is. No one

"Of one's being married, of course-I sup-

me to Europe."

Hrs. Portion new cloudy year from her place, and apprecated her victor, looking at her from head to foot as she did on, on it to challenge the truth of her remarkable. lenge the truth of her remarkable announce-ment. She rested her hands on Georgina's houlders a moment, gazing into her blooming lace, and then she drew her eleger and kissed to the sofs, where, in a conversation of extreme intimacy, she opened Mrs. Portico's eyes wider than they had ever been opened before. She was Raymond Benyon's wife; they had been married a year, but no one knew anything about it. She had kept it from every one, and she meant to go on keeping it. The ceremony had taken place in a little Episcopal church at Harlem, one Sunday afternoon, after the service. There was no one in that dusty suburb who knew them; the ciergyman, vered at being de-tained, and wanting to go home to tea, had made no trouble; he tied the knot before they could turn round. It was ridiculous how easy it had been. Raymond had told him frankly that it must all be under the rose, as the young lady's family disapproved of what she was doing. But she was of legal age, and perfectly free; he could see that for him-self. The parson had given a grant as he looked at her over his spectacles. It was not very complimentary: it seemed to say that she was indeed no chicken. Of course she looked old for a girl; but she was not a girl now, was she? Raymond had certified his own identity as an officer in the United States navy (he had papers, besides his uniform, which he wors), and introduced the clergyman to a friend he had brought with him, who was also in the may, a venerable paymaster. It was he who gave Georgina away, as it were; he was an old, old man, a regular grandmother, and perfectly sale. He had been married three times himself. After the coremony she went back to her father's; but she saw Mr. Benyor the next day. After that, she saw him—for s little while-pretty often. He was always beg-ging her to come to him altogether; she mus do him that justice. But she wouldn't-she wouldn't now-perhaps she wouldn't ever. She had her reasons, which seemed to her very good, but were very difficult to explain. She would tell Mrs. Portico in plenty of time what they were. But that was not the question now. whether they were good or bad; the question was for her to get away from the country for several months—far away from any one who had ever known her. She would like to go to some little place in Spain or Italy, where she should be out of the world until everything was over. Mrs. Portico's heart gave a jump as this serens. handsome, familiar girl, sitting there with a hand in hers, and pouring forth this extraordinary tale, spoke of everything being over. There was a glossy coldness in it, an unnatural lightness, which suggested—poor Mrs. Portico scarcely knew what. If Georgins was to become a mother, it was to be supp she was to remain a mother. She said there was a beautiful place in Italy-Genoa-of which Baymond had often spoken and where he had been more than once—he admired it so much; souldn't they go there and be quiet for a little while? She was asking a great favor-that she knew very well; but if Mrs. Portico wouldn' take her, she would find some one who would. They had talked of such a journey so often: and, certainly, if Mrs. Portico had been willing before, she ought to be much more willing The girl declared that she would do something-go somewhere-keep, in one way or another, her situation unperceived There was no use talking to her about tellingseemed strange, but she knew what she was about. No one had guessed anything yethad succeeded perfectly in doing what she as Mrs. Portico had believed-hadn't she?that, any time the last year, Raymond Benyor was less to her than he had been before. Wall so he was; yes. he was. He had gone awayhe was off, heaven knew where-in the Pacific she was alone, and now she would remain alone. The family believed it was all overwith his going back to his ship, and other things, and they were right: for it was over-

or it would be soon. Mrs. Portico, by this time, had grown almost afraid of her young friend; she had so little fear, she had even, as it were, so little shame. If the good lady had been accustomed to analyzing things a little more, she would have said she had so little conscience. She looked at Georgina with dilated eyes-her visitor was so much the calmer of the two-and exclaimed. and murmured, and sunk back, and sprang forward and wiped her forehead with her pocket handkerchief. There were things she didn't understand; that they should all have been so deceived, that they should have (they flattered themselves she was discouraged, or had grown tired of him), when she was really only making it impossible she ould belong to any one else. And with this, her inconsequence, her capriciousness, her absence of motive, the way she contradicted herself, her apparent belief that she could hush up such a situation forever! There was nothing shameful in having married poor Mr. Benyon, even in a little church at Harlem, and being given away by a paymaster. It was much more shameful to be in such a state without being prepared to make the proper explana-tions. And she must have seen vary little of her husband; she must have given him up—so far as meeting him went—almost as soon as she had taken him. Had not Mrs. Gressie herself told Mrs. Portice, in the preceding October, it must have been, that there now would be no need of sending Georgins sway, insemuch as the affair with the little navy man—a project in every way so unsuitable—had quite blown over?

"After our marriage I saw him less-I saw him a great deal less," Georgina explained; but her explanation only appeared to make the mystery more dense. "I don't see, in that case, what on earth you

married him for!" We had to be more careful-I wished to appear to have given him up. Of course we were really more intimate—I saw him differently,

Georgina said, smiling.
"I should think so! I can't for the life of me see why you weren't discovered."
"All I can say is we weren't. No doubt it's remarkable. We managed very well—that is, I managed—he didn't want to manage at all. And then, father and mother are incredibly stupid!" Mrs. Portico exhaled a comprehensive moan. feeling glad, on the whole, that she hadn't a daughter, while Georgina went on to furnish a few more details. Raymond Benyon, in the summer, had been ordered from Brooklyn to Charlestown, near Boston, where, as Mrs. Pertiso perhaps knew, there was another navy yard, in which there was a temporary press of work requiring more oversight. He had remained there several months, during

which he had written to her urgently to come to him, and during which, as well, he had recolved notice that he was to rejoin his ship a little later. Before doing so he came back to Brooklyn for a few weeks to wind up his work there, and then she had seen him-well, pretty often. That was the best time of all the year that had classed since their marriage. It was a wonder at home that nothing had then been guessed, because she had really been reckless, and Benyon had even tried to force on a dislosure. But they were stupid, that was very certain. He had becought her again and again to put an end to their false position, but she didn't want it any more than she had wanted it before. They had rather a bad parting: in fact, for a pair of lovers, it was a very queer parting indeed. He didn't know, now, the thing

she had come to tell Mrs. Portico. She had not written to him. He was on a very long cruise. It might be two years before he returned to the United States. "I don't care how long he stays away," Georgina said, very simply,
"You haven't mentioned why you married him. Perhaps you don't remember." Mrs.
Portico broke out, with her mesculine laugh.
"Oh, yee; I loved him!"
"And you have got over that?"
Georgian hesitated a moment, "Why, no,

Ben Perties, of course I form't: Then why don't you live with him? You don't explain that."
"What would be the use when he's siways

sway? How can one live with a man that spends half his life in the South Seas? If he wasn't in the navy it would be different. But te go through everything-I mean everything that making our marriage known would bring upon me-the scolding and the exposure, and the ridicale, the seems at home to go through it all, just for the idea, and yet be alone here, just as I was before, without my husband after just as I was before, without my husband after all—with none of the good of him," and here Georgina looked at her hostese as if with the certitude that such an enumeration of inconveniences would touch her effectually. "Really, Mrs. Portico, I am bound tosay I don't think that would be worth while. I haven't the

ourage for it." "I never thought you were a coward," said Well, I'm not-if you will give me time. I'm very patient."

"I never thought that, either."
"Marrying changes one," said Georgina, still miling.
"It certainly seems to have had a very odd effect upon you. Why don't you make him leave the navy and arrange your life comfortably, like every one else?"

"I wouldn't for the world interfere with his

prospects—with his promotion. That is sure to some for him, and to some quickly, he has such talents. He is devoted to his profession; it would ruin him to leave it."

"My dear young woman, you are a strange creature," Mrs. Portico exclaimed, looking at her companion as if she had been in a glass

"So poor Raymond says," Georgias answered. smiling more than ever.
"Oertainly, I should have been very sorry to marry a navy man; but if I had married him. I

should stick to him, in the face of all the sooldings in the universe!" "I don't know what your parents may have been: I know what mine are!" Georgina re-plied, with some dignity. "When he's a Cap-tain, we shall come out of hiding."
"And what shall you do meanwhile? What

will you do with your children? Where will you hide them? What will you do with this Georgina rested her eves on her lap for minute; then, raising them, she met the Mrs. Portico. "Somewhere in Europe," she

said, in her sweet tone. "Georgina Gressie, you're a monster !" the elder lady eried. "I know what I'm about and you will help

me," the girl went on.
"I will go and tell your father and mother the whole story—that's what I will do!" "I am not in the least afraid of that—not in the least. You will help me-I assure you that

Do you mean I will support the child?" Georgina broke into a laugh. "I do believe you would if I were to ask you! But I won't go so far as that—I have something of my own.

All I want you to do is to be with me." "At Genos-yes, you have got it all fixed ! You say Mr. Benyon is so fond of the place. That's all very well; but how will be like his inant being deposited there?"

"He won't like it all. You see I tell you the whole truth," said Georgina, gently. "Much obliged; it's a pity you keep it all for me! It is in his power, then, to make you behave properly. He can publish your marriage if you won't; and if he does you will have to

oknowledge your child."
"Publish, Mrs. Portico? How little you know my Raymond! He will never break a promise; he will go through fire first."

'And what have you got him to promise?" Never to insist on a disclosure against my vill; never to claim me openly as his wife till I think it is time; never to let any one know what has passed between us if I choose to keep it still a secret—to keep it for years—to keep it forever. Never to do anything in the matter himself, but to leave it to me. For this he has given me his solema word of honor. And I mow what that means!"

Mrs. Portico, on the sofa, fairly bounced.
"You do know what you are about. And Mr.
Benyon strikes me as more fantastic even than yourself. I never heard of a man taking such a vow. What good can it do him?"

"What good? The good it did him was that it gratified me. At the time he took it he would have made any promise under the sun. It was a condition I exacted just at the very last, before the marriage took place. There was nothing at that moment he would have refused me-there was nothing I couldn't have made him do. He was in love to that degree-but I don't want to boast," said Georgina, with quiet grandeur. "He wanted-he want-

"He doesn't seem to have wanted much!" Mrs. Portice eried, in a tone which made Georgina turn to the window, as if it might have reached the street. Her hostess noticed the novement and went: on "Oh, my dear, if I ever do tell your story. I will tell it so that peo

You never will tell it. What I mean is, that Raymond wanted the sanction—of the affair at the church—because he saw that I would never do without it. Therefore, for him, the sconer we had it the better, and, to hurry it on, he was ready to take any pledge."

"You have got it pat enough," said Mrs. Portice, is homely phrase, "I don't know what you mean by sanctions, or what you wanted of em!"

Portico, is howely phrase. "I don't know what you mean by sanotions, or what you wanted of em!"

Georgina got up, holding rather higher that beautiful head which, in spite of the embarrassments of this interview, had not yet perceptibly abated of its elevation. "Would you have liked me to—to not marry?"

Mrs. Portico rose also, and, flushed with the agitation of unwonted knowledge—it was as if she had discovered a skeleton in her favorits cupboard—faced her young friend for a moment. Then her conflicting sentiments resolved themselves into an abrupt question, uttered—for Mrs. Portico—with much solemnity: Georgina Gressie, were you resily in love with him?"

The question suddenly dissipated the girl's strange, studied, wifful coldness; she broke out, with a quick flash of passion—a passion that, for the moment was predominantly anger. "Why else, in heaven's name, should I have done what I have done? Why else should I have married him? What under the sun had I to gain?"

A certain quiver in Georgina's voice, a light in her eye which seemed to Mrs. Portico more spontaneous, more human, as she uttered these words, caused them to affect her hostess rather less painfully than anything she had yet said. She took the girl's hand and emitted these words, caused them to affect her hostess rather less painfully than anything she had yet said. She took the girl's hand and emitted in slow, pleading tone; and in a moment Mrs. Portico saw that the tears were in her eyes. "You're a geeer mixture, my child, "she exclaimed. "Go stratgat home to your own mother and tell her everything; that is your best help."

You are kinder than my mother. You musn't judge her by yourself."

What can she dot to you? How can she hurt

bost help."
You are kinder than my mother. You musn't judge her by yourself."
"What can she do to you? How can she hurt you? We are not living in pagan times," said Mrs. Portico, who was sekdom so historical. "Besides, you have no reason to speak of your mother—to think of her, even—so! She would have liked you to marry a man of some property; but she has always been a good mother to you."

have liked you to marry a man of some property; but she has always been a good mother to you."

At this rebuke Georgina suddenly kindled again; she was, indeed, as Mrs. Portico had asaid, a queer mixture. Conscious, evidently, that she could not satisfactorily justify her prosent stiffness, she wheeled round upon a grievance which absolved her from self-defence. "Why then, did he make that promise, if he loved me? No man who really loved me would have made it—and no man that was a man, as I understand heing a man! He might have seen that I only did it to best him—to see if he wanted to take advantage of being left free himsell. It is a proof that he doesn't love me—not as he ought to have done; and in such a case as that a woman ien't bound to make sacrifices!"

If the Portice was not a person of a nimble in—left; her mind moved vigorously, but heavily; yet she sometimes made happy guesses. She saw that Georgina's emotions were partly real and partly flotitious; that, as regards this last matter, especially, she was trying to "get up" a resentment, in order to excuse hereoff. The pretext was absurd, and the good lady was struck with its being heartless on the part of her young visitor to reproach poor Benyon with a concession on which she had insisted, and which could only be a proof of his devotion, insamuch as he loft her free while he bound himself. Altugether, Mrs. Portice was shocked and dismayed at such a want of simplicity in the behavior of a young person whom she had hitherto believed to be as candid as also was stylish, and her appreciation of this discovery apprecased liself in the uncompromising remark: "Ou strike me as a very bad girl" (To be Continued Next Sunday.)

PORTRY OF THE PERIOD. A Tale of the Bover Express.

Mew ded I do to ! Well, sit you down, if you're got ter minutes to spare,
and I'll tell you the tale how it happened to me-well, to
me and my mate out there.
Deer's pee it pit down to our boast and hrag, for I'll take
my outh we try.
We engine fellows, to stick to the rail, if we happen to my onth we try.

We engine frilows, to stick to the rail, if we happen.

We engine frilows, to stick to the rail, if we happen.

It of the still t We haven't got bands to technic ten, nor when the mixes to their?

We march at the sound of the station bell, and the person of the wind in our ear?

We have gain to tove us, and children, too, whe cling to the face and need alled to the grand parade or marched to the surricens deck.

A man's a man when he does his work...wall, it may be not or itse,

But is Festivat days you about any your prayers when driving the Dover Express!

We started off-'twee e night in June-and the beautiful moon shone bright
Through the silent giass of the station, when our guard
many out." All right!"
He was in charge of the train, the Guard—but me and
usy make just them
Had taken in pledge, for good or for ill, the lives of the
women and mee.
Away we want at a migarity case, when you wetters and mea.
Away we went at a splendid pase when we'd compled
and left Herne Hill.
Behind was the rear of a city on fire. In frost was the
country still.
Then we came to a point where we always turn, and
matther a nort of prayer
For the wife and the young 'une asleep in the town,
from the men in the enging's glore.
It wasn't like that in the train, I bet, did any one brouble
a rear.

It wasn't like that in the train, I bet, did any one brouble a rap?
The beneviamon complex were looked in fast, and the others were playing at "map."
The beneviamon described and goods and ohalf; does it ever strike them that nevre and the fast that the man who must drive in the dark an express round the Chatham curve?
I leoked at my washe, we were up to time, and the ongine leapt and sped
To the over we cross so it runs to the see, with the Rachester lights shead! l often think of the train behind and the passer

I often think of the train behind and the passengers fast all the control of the passengers fast as the control of the control

a crash, a loap, Right into the iron the engine tore, with the passengers Right into the iron the engine tore, with the massengers finet saleses. It resied at the shock did their devillab snare, to the rush and the roar and the beat, which share the darries and the light and the sir; behind was the dast of dereal.

Away to the rear went Rochester town, its danger, its action and stream.

We'd taken a piedge, and we kept it, sir, in saving the Doror Express!

They're sending the bat round! thank you, kind, for me and my make, you say,
Well, the money will come in easy like, when we're laid on the shelf some day.
It's only right that the women and men who arrived at Dover town.
And were saved that night round Rochester ourse, should cheerfully plank it down.
But we don't want money for what we're done—there's something better than gain
If a man can earn his Victoria Cross in sharge of a rail-way train! If a man can earn his victoria tross in sharps of a ratiway truin!

If a man can prove he has plenty of plack, and is thoroughly Singlish made,
As well in front of a ferce express as in rear of a bold
briggade!

But there's something far better than money to me,
tho' five terrible hard in town
To give the young 'use their annual shoes, and the
missure a decent gown.
I'd give your money up every cent, and the moment I'd
gradit bless.

gially bless en you hand us the villain who wanted to wreck the Dover Express! Tim Pond. From the American Angler. I love a man whose deeds are carnest.
Whose heart is faithful, whose words are true,
And little it may tery where God has placed him,
Or what is the work that is his to do,
Whether he dist in the bails of marble,
To make the laws for a mighty land,
Or hears, in the forces, the wild bride warble,
And grasps an axe in his brawny hand.

Just such a man was Tim the hunter, A guide, with record without a stain, Who kasse like a boek each brouk and river And loved every tree in the woods of Maine. For Certy years, through the pathless forests He followed the mouse and the caribou; But never arain shall we hear his ride.

For Tim is at rest; nis life chare ended.
Its alsops 'mki the scrues he loved so well.
By the side of a tranguli mountain lakelet.
Whose beanty with rapture the tourists tell.
And his memory lives in that sheet of water,
Though his spirit rests in the great beyond,
And will live as long as the wavelets ripple.
For 'tis known to the world by the name "Tim Fond.

Regret. From the Shettering Arms.

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When, hand to hand, we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still would keep its grasp—
If I had known. If I had known, when far and wide,
We lottered through the summer land,
What Presence wandered by our side,
And wer you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen, dear, to every tone
That from your lips fell low and awest—
If I had known.

If I had known when your kind even

Met mine in paring, true and sad— Byes gravely tender, ganily wise, And earnest, rather, more than glad— How sook the life would lie above, As cold and white as aculptured stone, I should have tressured every glauce— If I had known. If I had known.

If I had known how, from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions, here below,
Unite a puter, higher life
That you were called, oh, friend, to go,
I should have stayed my foolish tears
And hushed each idle sigh and moan
To bid you last, a long godspeed.

If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place, what mystic, distant, slient shore, You calminy surned your stendard face. What itme your footsteps left my door, I abould have forsets a golden like. To bind the hearts so constant grown, and kept it constant wer there—

If I had known.

If I had known that, until Death
shall with his finger touch my brow,
And still the quickesing of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,
lo long my feet must tread the way
Of our nectasioned paths alone.
I should have prised your presence more—
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you.

If I had known how soon for you.

Drew near the ending of the fight.
And on your vision, fair and new.

Eternal peace dawned into sight.
I should have begred, as love's last gift.
That you, before God's great white throne,
Would pray for your poor friend on earth—

If I had known.

CHRISTIAN EX

CHRISTIAN BEID. Ballade of the Wicked Earl. From the Pall Hall Garette. Lines written after a fortnight apent with Ouida's novel

Had I been "in the purple born"
(As Oulds loves to may).
'Id treat morality with score,
And live uncommon gay:
My bills, of course, I se'ce would pay,
At creditors I'd sneer,
What "hecatombe of doves "I'd slay,
itsd I been born a Peer! What wreaths of room I'd have worn.
All drenched with bright Tokay!
What maidens, from their lovers torn,
Had rued their natal day!
What wendrous odds you'd see use lay,
What Tenees! would clear.
And gold, like dress, I'd filing away,
Had I been born a Feer!

And last, grown aged, stern, foriors, My gold locks furned to gray. My grown of room changed to thors, I'd end with some changed to thors, I'd end with some ranks I'd cleave my way. Through Zesave and Guiramier. And die where Sercest rayed the fray, lind I been born a Pew!

Barroy. Osida, the good old times decay.
And even Viscounts fear
To play the kind of pranks we'd play
Had I been born a Peer.
Had I been born a feer!

Dellie. From the Cincinnati Commercial She sports a witching gown With a ruffle up and down On the skirt. She is gentle, she is shy; But there's mischief in her eye, She's a firti

She displays a tiny glove, And a dainty little love And a dainry little love Of a show; And she wears her hat a-tilt Over bangs that never will In the dew. 'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabric of her dreams—
But enough!
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff.

With her dispies and her curls the exasperates the girls Past helief.
They hint that also a cat, and delightful things like that, in their grief.

It is shocking, I declars! But what does Pollie care When the beaux Come flocking to her feet Like the best around a sweet Little rose?

SAMURL MINTORS PROS

Breeders of thoroughbreds sometimes unlerestimate the ability of their race borses, es. secially two and three year olds. A case in point was the winning of the English Derby by Iroquois. Mr. Lorillard preferred another colt in the race, freely expressing his opinion that the Indian could not capture the blue ribbon. Another illustration occurred the other day in the race for the Atlantic Stakes at Monmouth. Two days previously Mr. Lordlard said that he did not place great faith in Morte. mer's get as two and three year olds; he liked more compact and smaller animals. He started two of Mortemer's colts in this race. Exile being his favorite, as shown by placing his first jockey, Shauer, on him. The other two-year-old was Choluis, who made his debut in the race, Dwyer Brothers' colt Richmond had Exile beaten near the finish, when Choin a came up on the outside, passing the leaders with a flash of speed that astonished all turi-

men present. It was the neatest and fastest

performance by a two-year-old this season. Further proof that Mortemer's progeny will

achieve fame on the turf was given on Thurs-

day, when his daughter Wands came first in

the Tyro Stakes, Cholula gallantly keeping in

NOTES OF SPORTING EVENTS.

second place. There was a great contrast in prices paid for thoroughbred yearlings at two important sales in England recently. At the annual sale of her Majesty's yearlings at Hampton Court. a large and aristocratic company was present, as well as many sportsmen and trainers. Twenty-seven colts and fillies were sold at an aggregate of 5,325 guineas, or an average of a trifle over 197 guineas each. They were, on the whole, a fair lot. The highest price was 620 guiness for a smart filly by Rosigrucian-Cutty Bark. At the sale of Lord Falmouth's stud the sixteen yearings sold for 18,350 guineas an average of 1.146 guineas each. The highest price was 3.000 guineas, two bringing that amount. One was Cereniis, by Galopin—Wheatear, and the other Godolphin, by Galonin-Jeannette. The whole of Lord Falmouth's

stud brought upward of 110,000 guineas.

While the Dwyer Brothers are adding fresh blood to their string of racers they are weeding out their stock. They have lately sold the fillies Riplette and Sea Foam, by Lisbon; colt Colonel Clay, by Billet, and Bolter, by Bramble; their geiding Electric Light, by Enquirer, and Joe Blackburn, brother to Luke. James Roe, their trainer, bought Joe Blackburn for \$500. He cost the Dwyers \$7,500, the highest price ever paid for a yearing in America. The year-lings bought at the spring sales arrived from Kentucky during the wook. They are splendid colts and fillies, and will doubtless aid in keeping up the renown of the Brooklyn stable. The lot comprises four colts and a filly by Virgil. the greatest winning sire of the year so far: two colts and two filles by Billet, a filly and golt by King Alfonso, a colt by Bramble, and colt by Enquirer.

The trotters are gathering at Cleveland, where the first contests of note between Western and Eastern horses will begin on the 29th, in the Grand Central Trotting Circuit. Secretary Fasig reports: "Eighty-four entries to date. The most brilliant prospect we ever had for a great meeting; large fields; close and exciting trotting." Maud S. is being extended at the track in the hope, perhaps, that she may eclipse her own peerless record during the meeting. Commodore Kittson's string is being handled for fast work. Rumors of surprises to come along the line begin to fill the air. Among the trotters showing improved speed the name

of Phil Thompson is heard. The old notion that Arabian horses can travel with the speed of the wind from sunrise to sunset was dispelled at the special race for Arabs at Newmarket recently. They made a iamentable failure as regards speed and endurance. In a two-mile trial with the poorest horses in an English racing stable, the winner of the Arab race, with the lightest weight, was beaten about half a mile.

Chicago is a great sport-loving city. The business was rather overdone, though, during Convention week. A great trotting meeting at the Driving Park, a race meeting by the Washington Park Club, and a six-days' go-us-youplease under the management of Daniel O'Leary all ended in financial failures, ex-cepting possibly the racing meeting. One exciting event at a time is enough for any town Mr. Frank Work said last fall that his young trotter Regins was very fast, but that he would not send her for speed until she was a year or not send her for speed until she was a year or so older. Ex-Gov, Stanford of California has presented to Mr. Work the fleat-footed more Stella, by Electioneer, as a mate for Regina. The pair trot very fast together. If they should lower the team record, it would be in order to hunt up a mate for Maud S.

According to Mr. Pierre Lorillard and others, the selling races this season have been selling affairs in more senses than one. The Boulette and Itaska races at Monmouth Park call for more than a surface investigation. One require attendant at the races asserted on Thursiar attendant at the races asserted in Thursiar at the races as a thursiar at the races as a section of the races at the races as a section of the races at the races as a thursiar at the races at

lar attendant at the races asserted on Thursday that he was advised not to back Inska as the brose was not intended to win. Some of the rumors affoat might be traced to their source.
Mr. J. M. Hill, the theatrical manager who paid \$20,000 for Westmont, is reported as saying: 'I saw Westmont travel one-haif mile with his mate in one minute. I shall get another fast pacer and drive on the road, then I will have to take nobody's dust.' Perings it would be better for Mr. Hill to buy the nate, so far as keeping clear of the dust is concerned.

SUMMER RESORT DEAD BEATS. How Pretended Newspaper Correspondents

Try to Get Free Board. A careful business man, who was successful in managing a hotel in the interior, went down on the Jersey coast and took charge of a large summer resort. He advertised liberally. and his opening was far more successful than

he had anticipated.
"What do you think of this scheme?" he asked of a guest on the third day after the opening. The hotel proprietor handed over the fol-lowing letter, written on dainty note paper.

ing. The hotel proprietor handed over the following letter, written on dainty note paper.

My Draw Sir I am shout taking my summer state in and I note your advertisement in one of the cirpapers. As you are new in the instinces I begreave to state that I am in a position to give you many new and the authorized New York city correspondent of seven in the authorized New York city correspondent of seven in the authorized New York city correspondent of seven in the authorized New York city correspondent of seven in the authorized New York city correspondent of seven the authorized New York city correspondent of seven in the authorized New York city correspondent of seven in the authorized New York city news, goestp, and fashion chat. My proposition is this: I will give your hotel a compliminestary notice, and mention no other hotel, in all my letters, provided you give me a good room froming the sea, not highly than the third floor, and good hourd, first table, free of charge, and to have all the privileges of a fracticus guest. Of coarse all my letters with be subject to voir declared its, two-tiers to the seal and increase letters a week—that is, two-tiers to the seal of the providence of a fracticus guest. Of coarse all my letters with be subject to voir week—that is, two-tiers to the seal of the seal of the seal of the providence of the seal of the seal

As each just we wid he worth at least \$31, you would be getting \$42 worth of advertising per week for a single week's heard. Enclosed please and stamp for your reply. Respectfully yours.

"Well, there's a chance for you to get a lot of advertising cheap," said the visitor.

"Chance!" replied the hotel man. "Why, sir, that's the fifth letter of the same kind I have received in three days. I answered them all briefly, and requested them to send me a list of the paners they represented, that I might inquire from the home offices whether they had been authorized to make contracts."

"Have you heard from them since?"

Strange to say, sir, I have not, and I am beginning to think that I won't."

"Why so?"

"Before I came down here I was warned about a class of people known as 'summer-te-sort dead beats' and prebably the writers of these letters are of that tik. They took me for a raw man, no doubt, and had I not been ture on my guard I should probably have accepted the first offer I received, and invited the fair correspondent down. My informant told me that the woods was full of these so-called lady correspondents. They impose upon hotel men for a week or two. They write letters full of comprimentary notices of the hotel, subnit them to the hotel men, and then mail them. Of course, that is the last of those letters. They are never published, and by the time the hotel men discover the fraud the bogue correspondent has obtained a few weeks' board. When told that the newspapers with her letters have not yet come to hand, she will affect great surprise and wonder what the matter can be, and have a number of excuses as to why her letters but that she only bargained to write the letters but did not guarantee that they would be rushlished. We always welcome reston-side members of the press and do the best we can to please them, but the day for the deadhead journalist is rapidly passing away. Researchible mem whose writings are substished in legitimate hew spapers are able and willing to pay their way. If they experience any